

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., Oct. 14.—The highest temperature was 66°, the lowest up to 7 p. m. was 30°, and the mean 51, with a killing frost in the morning, followed by increasing southerly wind gradually rising temperature and falling barometer.

Last year on Oct. 14, the highest temperature was 53, the lowest 46°, and the mean 50°, and two years ago the corresponding temperatures were 65°, 40°, and 52°.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.
WEATHER, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 14, 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Tuesday:

For Kansas—Fair weather, variable winds, cooler Thursday.

For Missouri—Warmer fair weather, southerly winds.

BRIEFS.

The Detroit mine has conceded the demands of the Ishpeming strikers.

The effects of the Athletic baseball club, of Philadelphia, were sold by the sheriff yesterday to satisfy a claim of \$1,200 for rent.

Mr. Gladstone has sent a special message to the American people, in which he recently interviewed him at Hawarden. His nature is unknown.

A committee has been appointed in San Francisco to raise a fund to buy a home for Mrs. Fremont.

The chateau of Count La Grange, near Orme, France, has been sacked and burned, with many valuable works of art. The police are looking for the robbers.

The reported loss of the American oil ship Magellan, is confirmed. All on board are believed to have perished.

Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the Russian army is reportedly ill.

The opinion grows in Washington that an extra session of congress will be called.

There are 300 delegates present at the Socialist congress at Halle, Germany. None are from America.

The leading society event at Emporia, Kan., yesterday was the marriage of E. C. Blower, of Emporia, Kan., and Miss Ella Bradley, of Emporia.

The National Cordage company, of New York, has asked the secretary of state of New Jersey for permission to increase its capital stock to \$10,000,000. A combination has been formed to control the western market in harvesting wire.

Look out for counterfeiters!—Buy the genuine Salvation Oil the great pain cure. 25 cts.

Miss Emma R. cured an attack of indigestion with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

DYNAMITE FOR LIQUOR DEALERS.
MARTINIS, Ind., Oct. 14.—The liquor dealers of Morganstown are in a state of siege. Saturday night a dynamite bomb was placed under Harco's drug store, and the explosion followed scattered the store and the building to the amount of \$1,500. A notice was placed on Harco's drug store door saying that his place was the next in line. William Mendenhall, a saloonist, was notified to leave within twenty days or suffer the consequences.

REFUSED TO ACCEPT.
DUBLIN, Oct. 14.—The Irish Times says that Mr. William Abraham, member of the house of commons for West Limerick, and Mr. Timothy Harrington, member for the harbor division of Dublin, who were appointed members of the committee to visit the United States to solicit aid for the Irish cause, have refused to accept the appointments.

TURF WINNERS.
CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 14.—Today's winners at Latonia were: Kinglike, Meekie, H. Prince Fortunato, Barnysome, Jr., Col. Wheatly, Rowland.

MOTORS PRIZE, Oct. 14.—Winners in today's races: Servitor, Belle Dor, Michael, Fitz-James, Hamilton, Sule S.

DR. PHILIP KROHN.
ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 14.—The Congregational church and society met last evening to consider the resignation of Dr. Philip Krohn as its pastor. By unanimous vote his resignation was not accepted, and he will therefore continue to occupy the pulpit as his pastor.

OUR POPULATION.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—The census bureau today announces the population of Kansas as follows: Hutchinson, 5,578, increase 1,185, per cent 21.5; Topeka, 10,000, increase 1,000, per cent 11.3; Wichita, 25,735, increase 1,234, per cent 4.8; State of Kansas, 1,428,495, increase 42,369, per cent 3.0.

A PROFITABLE PUBLIC FOREST.
Pleasure grounds which pay annually large sums into a city treasury.

The city of Wichita has been cured by Zurich over 100 at least, and has been carefully administered for centuries. It is now managed on the most approved scientific principles by a corps of trained foresters and a permanent working force so well organized that important work is successfully executed by common laborers under the supervision of a forester of the highest grade. Economy is strictly maintained as that of any private enterprise prevails, together with a wise and open-handed liberality in providing for the welfare of the property. One year the net profits were something over \$8 an acre, or a total of about \$20,000 for the city treasury.

The city does the entire work—lumbering, manufacturing and administration. It employs the best modern labor saving devices, such as lumber slides, portable railways and a railway to the mills. In the saw mill the principal machinery is American, and in its factories the forest management works up the product into a great variety of marketable material, and also manufactures nearly everything it uses. An elaborate and costly apparatus has been successfully introduced for injecting wood with a solution of copper sulphate under hydrostatic pressure, making its products last twice or three times as long as ordinary wood, so that there is a wide demand for the telegraph poles, railway ties, wooden pavement, shingles and other articles treated in this way.

The net profits of the forest will be largely increased by a new railway building into the valley. Almost half the annual yield of wood is from timbers alone. The proportion of firewood is generally 54 per cent, yielding 64 per cent, of the total revenue.

In this economic treatment of the forest its value as a pleasure ground is not forgotten. The management maintains throughout the domain a network of well kept roads and paths, while it aims to preserve the landscape unmarred and make the place thoroughly and pleasantly accessible.—Boston Herald.

A Fish Story.
Col. Stern, of the Park theatre, is telling one of the fishiest of fish stories. He says—and he never smiles when he says it—that he was yachting and blundering off Fire Island, and that a big ten pound bluefish ran away with his hook and squid, and that, although there were several hooks aboard, there were no more squids; that he wrenched off the silver handle of a handsome umbrella that had been presented to him the winter before by his son Walter, and running the hook through it for a squid.

"The silver head," said the colonel.

"was urgent and highly polished, and shone in the water like a thing of life. I had not been trolling with it five minutes before I felt a tremendous tug on my line and then a quick slackening. I pulled it in and found my umbrella handle had been captured by a fish. That ended our fishing for that day, and we returned to the Surf hotel much distressed."

I had entirely forgotten the incident, when one day a year later, after returning from Europe, I happened to be dining at John Baylis' with a party of friends. We ordered bluefish. Mine had brought on the table in due time a magnificent fellow that must have weighed fully twelve pounds. I determined to carve myself, and, sharpening my knife, cut it open in the middle. Would you believe it, to my surprise, right in the stomach of that fish I discovered the silver head of my umbrella that I had lost for a squid the year before.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Greely's Telegraph Line.
There is a good story told on Gen. Greely, the chief of the signal service. A number of years ago "Old Probabilities," then a lieutenant in the fifth cavalry, was stationed in Texas. While there he was ordered to build 150 miles of telegraph line. Greely decided to purchase a new kind of insulator, a sort of sheet iron, cone shaped affair. The line was completed, and for a couple of weeks everything worked well and the lieutenant was congratulating himself on the success of his work. All at once the line would not work at all. A couple of the engineers started out to find the cause. The first pole they tackled was their last, for a swarm of hornets emerged from that insulator prepared to resist all comers. As the swarm settled about the two men they ran, and as they ran the swarm increased and followed them nearly into the fort. The line was rebuilt, but the ordinary glass insulators were used. To this day those line men have never forgiven the general.—Kansas City Times.

Optional Courses.
Among optional courses may be enumerated that which governs the conduct of persons in crowded public conveyances. South of Mason and Dixon's line no man would have public opinion by remaining seated when a woman maintained a standing position, even were she the humblest of her sex. A foreigner would argue in such a case that he had paid for his seat, and that there could be no more reason for his rising in a street car than if he were occupying a seat at the opera or at a hotel table.

In New York, which is too cosmopolitan a city to be cited as an example, street car etiquette is decidedly variable, and whether or not it is necessary to vacate a seat in a lady's favor is a much mooted question. One thing is certain, and that is, that youth and beauty appeal to both high and low, even the most boorish individual being willing to relinquish his rights in favor of a woman with a pair of bright eyes and a stylish figure.

The poor wage worker, in her faded cotton gown and with fingers showing evidence of toil, is rarely the recipient of such courtesies. The man in broadcloth, who has been seated in his luxurious office most of the day, keeps his seat without a qualm of conscience, and holds his paper before his face to obstruct the view of the appealing eyes and worn figure.

Women in public vehicles often exhibit a remarkable selfishness and a total disregard for the comfort of others. Many of them accept a seat to which they have no legal right with a saucy toss of the head and without recognizing the courtesy by as much as a bow, or a "thank you."

An amusing expression of this is the least a lady should offer in exchange for the sacrifice of a place, and this should be tendered as freely to the threadbare clerk as to the dude in line raincoat.—James-Miller Magazine.

Looking for Light at the City Hall.
I am building a house. I wanted to get the necessary permission to tap the water main, and went to the City hall for that purpose. I might have gone down into the state of Indiana to have secured the permit, but it occurred to me that I had better ask in Chicago. I stepped into one of the elevators and told the driver what I wanted. He landed me on the public library floor. I soon discovered I was in the wrong place.

I took another elevator, and told the driver that I wanted to see the water main. He followed me to the city hall, and I found myself face to face with Superintendent Howland. I didn't ask him, for I saw he was busy. I found an officer in the corridor, and told him what I was trying to get at. He sent me to the place where dog licenses are issued, and a smart clerk in that department laughed at me.

I didn't blame him very much. I met a friend who has been in the City hall since its occupancy, and he conducted me to the proper place. I had lost nearly an hour. Why don't the proper authorities see that men of intelligence are put in places where inquiries are made?—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

The Opal.
While most gems owe their tint to the presence of some foreign coloring matter, the opal is unique and beautiful opal differs. It is opaque, deriving its beauty from the microscopic property it possesses of diffracting the rays of light, and thus reflecting from its polished surface all the colors of the rainbow. It needs, therefore, no brilliant, but appears to be the best advantage when alone. It is at present among the most prized of gems, and has held its place for ages.

Mark Anthony once offered \$100,000 for an opal the size of a hazelnut, but the owner, Numa, a Roman senator, preferred it to anything with his treasure. In spite of their value, opals are under investments, for time and exposure dim their luster, while their sensitiveness to heat is so great that the warmth of the hand has been known to crack them. The finest stones come from Hungary, and among the Austrian crown jewels are gems of greater size and beauty than that which inspired the Roman emperor.

Professor Samuel Coleman, agronomist of the Rhode Island agricultural experiment station, maintains, as the result of personal observation, that bees do no damage to growing or fair fruit. The juice of fruit is, in fact, injurious to them, and they do not attack small fruit, but only bruised fruit, or that which has been previously injured by other insects.

Cures while you wait—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

A Wise Prescription.
Dobbs—Germany is to connect Heligoland with the empire by two new cables. Damsley—That's right. Then Englishmen never know how to be honest, but they'll have hard work stealing back Heligoland now, I guess. Germany is long-leaded.—Chicago Times.

Insolent Treatment.
"And don't you feel terribly the disgrace of being sent to prison?" asked the visitor. "No, ma'am," returned the ex-tramp. "It ain't the disgrace of 'bein' sent, but it's the work that's eatin' my heart away."—New York Sun.

He Takes the Prize.
"How many seals are there, Willie?" "Three. Male, female and gent."

"How do you distinguish gents from males?" "By their pants."—New York Herald.

A Cruel Threat.
Algernon—Do you know I think that Smith girl is utterly bound up in me. Jack—New little edition—but why don't she prefer you?—New York World.

If you have headache try Preston's "Hed-Ake."

How He Resembled Fennel.
There have been a few, a very few, extremely high church Episcopal clergymen in this country who seemed to think that a studied neglect of the both was a mark of Catholic orthodoxy. One of these excellent men, who was well known in this city a few years ago, was generally arrayed in a course of dress that had long ceased to be even approximately clean, and in lines that was simply dirty—that is the only word that can be used. His finger nails were in mourning, and altogether he was a good reproduction of a medieval saint—the kind with whom the odor of sanctity was made visibly manifest by the odor of dirt.

Strangely enough, he was at the same time a gentleman by birth, education and rearing. He was simply misled by a false ideal of Christianity. But that is not the point. One day two Episcopal clergymen got to talking about him. "What does he remind you of any way?" asked one. "Of fennel," was the reply. "How so?" asked the first. "Oh," answered the second, "because he shrinks so from washing."—New York Tribune.

Immediate, harmless—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

A Clear Case.
Jugglers—What ever became of Penough's dog? You know it used to give you so much trouble.

Wiggler—Oh! It's dead.

Juggler—No! It committed suicide.

Juggler—Suicide! How?

Wiggler—It came over into my yard while I was sitting here with a loaded pistol.—Munsey's Weekly.

But What Was On It.
"What do you think of the table?" asked the landlady of the new boarder, who is of a vivacious nature, and at the same time hates to hurt anybody's feelings.

"Really," said he, after some hesitation. "I can conscientiously endorse your table as a masterpiece of cabinet making."—Washington Post.

Cures in fifteen minutes; Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Who Never Did Forgive Him After That.

Patience Mantelpiece (after drying her eyes)—Well, Jack, I will try to forgive you.

Jack (an artist, who has been utilizing the graceful form—Oh, hold on! Not yet; just wait one month)—Hold on!

Immediate relief by using Preston's "Hed-Ake."

He Might Have Expected.
"Dot and old Liebig, anyway," exclaimed Philip the other morning.

"What has the baron been doing now?" asked Dodelley.

"Doing? Why the old wretch said that horridness was more wholesome than beef or mutton, and I went him one. At all I could."

"Well! It was good, then, wasn't it?" "Yes, but, blame the old wretch, I had the nightmare all night."—Chicago Times.

Pays Cash.
Merchant—I wish to insert an advertisement in The Morning Eagle.

Clerk—Yes, sir.

"Commence it in this way: Pay cash, and put those words in large letters."

"Yes, sir."

"And I wish you'd trust me for the amount for a month or so."—Yankee Blade.

How It Sounded.
"No, I haven't," shouted Mr. Ardap angrily, sitting up in bed.

"Haven't what, dear?" asked Mrs. Ardap, only half awake. "What are you talking about?"

"I am answering that blamed katydid. It keeps on saying 'Get your pants! Get your pants!'"—Chicagoan.

Preston's "Hed-Ake" is a specific for headache.

Rhode Island's Regiments.
During an action near New Orleans in 1864 a Yankee soldier was captured by a Confederate. While marching his prisoner to headquarters the latter asked his captor what regiment he belonged to.

"The Fourteenth Alabama," was the reply. "What is your regiment?"

"The Two Hundred and Sixty-seventh Rhode Island."

"Pshaw! I've heard that the people in your state were mighty big, but I thought it took more than one man to make a regiment there."—Boston Herald.

It cures headache only—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

An Important Item.
Ponsonby—Have you seen Silly this morning?

Haylitt—No.

Ponsonby—Well, you ought to. He's a perfect circus. Says he's got a ten pound baby.

Haylitt (rationally)—I wonder if he used the same samples that he does when he goes skating.—Burlington Free Press.

A Healthful Occupation.
Gazzers (reading)—Jean Jacques Versail, a noted Frenchman, is dead at the age of 107.

Larkin—He must have been engaged in a very healthful profession to have lived so long.

"He was a dentist."—New York Sun.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

How It Was.

Allice (sobbing)—Oh, I shall die of grief! That awful Charley Thompson won my heart and promised to marry me and now—now he says he doesn't love me any more!

Mande—Oh, I see! First he wooed and then he wooed!—Lowell Citizen.

A Grave Danger.
"Do you think it safe for you to wear knickerbockers, chappie?"

"Yes, why not?"

"You might be arrested for having no visible means of support!"—New York Herald.

Ensnared.
He held her hand quite tenderly, and pressed it now and then.

She blushed, and let him have his way, as girls do with young men.

He put his arms around her waist, and drew her to his side.

Of course, she could have got away—if she had only tried.

He slowly raised her blushing face and looked into her eyes.

Of course, I thought she would resist; but, much to my surprise.

She answered all his looks of love, and gave him kiss for kiss.

They're married now, and oh! 'twould make you sick to see their bliss!"—The Journal.

Sure cure—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

A Trick.
Wagrich Student (handing professor of geology a piece of brick)—Here is a curious specimen, professor.

Professor—I don't need it. Put it back in your bag.

A Natural Inference.
"She has a very long waist."

"She ought to wear one of those protruding stays we read about!"—New York Sun.

Not Made for That Purpose.
"That's my motto, sink or swim."

"Bosh! Who ever saw a sinker swim?"—New York.

If fails, money refunded; Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Accidents Will Happen.
Miss Gushington—I admit, Arthur, that this is not the first time I have been engaged, but I'm sure your noble, generous heart—

Little Brother—Sir, the baby's got your bag of engagement rings.—Street & Smith's Good News.

And Long Terms.
"Dear me," said the philanthropic lady who was visiting the jail, "I can't believe that you are entirely devoid of principle."

"Believe me, madam," was the reply, "I often had very strong convictions."—Washington Post.

Readycare will cure Headache if from over-drinking.

THE BEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Well, if not positively the best, one of the wisest is he who checks disease at the start in his own system. In preserving or restoring the heaven-granted gift of health, he deserves profound consideration. His example is worthy to be imitated. The complaints which afflict us so largely attributable to a want of tone in the stomach, either inherent or inflicted by ourselves upon experience and testimony, as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Unmediated stimulants won't do. Regulation, as well as invigoration of the digestive viscera, is not to be affected by these. Through the agency of the stomachic mass, strength of the entire system is retrenched—dyspepsia and biliousness overcome. Malarial, kidney, bladder and rheumatic complaints are eradicated by this salutary reformer of ill health.

To broil a fish you must have a clear, bright fire and the griddle must be well greased, either with melted butter or olive oil, free from salt. The fish should be turned but once. Mackerel is a very delicately flavored fish when fresh, and should be cooked in the following manner: After cleaning and washing the fish well, chop a little parsley and mix with salt and a small piece of butter. Lay this inside the fish. Then take a sheet of paper, butter it well and roll the fish up in it, fastening it with two or three pins. Lay it on the greased griddle and broil it in the usual way. Remove the paper previous to serving.

The Excelsior Springs, Mo., Waters Are nature's uric solvent, and are specific for inflammation of the bladder, kidney disorders, also Rheumatism, Gout and Dropsy.

To the Bitter End.
"You speak of her as a 'throw pig girl,'" observed a St. Paul matron to a young man: "what do you mean by that?"

"Well, she is handsome, sweet tempered and rich. Those three virtues make her a three pig girl."

"Why do you not carry the simile out to its logical conclusion?"

"How?"

"Why, if she marries you she will be 'worse.'"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

If you will only try Hood's Sarsaparilla you will be convinced that it has "peculiar" merit.

The Emperor Frederick III and his son, Maximilian II, both died from eating too heartily of melons.

Natalia, the Spanish theologian, died because he was accused by the pope of having falsified a passage in St. Augustine.

Angelier, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by the enthusiastic reception accorded him on his first appearance in Naples that he literally died of joy before the conclusion of the evening's entertainment.—St. Louis Republic.

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Wichita, Kansas.

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